

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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## LITERATURE.

## A HOLIDAY REVIEW.

BEING  
A COMMENTARY  
ON

## Mother Goose's Melodies,

FROM THE  
POSTHUMOUS PAPERSOF HER  
VENERABLE RELICT,

FATHER GANDER,

OF  
CACKLETON.

## PREFACE.

A COMMENTARY on the poems of my lamented consort—an analysis of the beauties—an explanation of the difficulties, and a defence of the (alleged) blemishes of that world-renowned, time-hallowed "parvo," briefly known as Goose's Melodies, has long been a desideratum in English, nay, in universal literature. Of the merits of these melodies it has long been too late to speak. They have been thumbed more than Tom Thumb himself. If Jack the Giant Killer has brought down his thousands, Mother Goose has her tens of thousands. So long as the blind bard of Scio's rocky isle is remembered, will this wide-awake old lady, with one eye on her knitting and the other on her bantlings, not be forgotten. In the long procession of glory, far ahead even of the Seven-Leagued Boots, waddles my distinguished relative (humility and modesty alike forbid me to use a tenderer title), leading her young disciples to the pleasant pond, the Helicon of infant inspiration. Even the melodies of the Bard of Erin, with all their wonderful perfection of finish, yield the palm to the artless warblings of Mother Goose.

From the original we pass to say a few words of the commentary. It has been with us eminently a labor of love, though one of sorrow. It has been a task (to use the words of the immortal Schiller)—

"Schmerzlich süßer Erinnerung voll."

What dear old evening hours have we lived over again in the preparation of these pages! By a mysterious Homœopathic agency it has soothed by saddening the decline of a long-protracted life. Often has it seemed as if, oppressed with the delicious sorrow—the luxury of grief, as one has called it, we must lay down the pen of the critic never to resume it. But a sense of duty to the coming generations restored our spirits and we went on.

Time has been when it was deemed enough to enjoy the beauties of intellectual creation without reflecting on the source and secret of the enjoyment. But we have fallen (and in my own case—poor, tottering old man,—the figure is emphatically appropriate), we have fallen upon an æsthetic age, an age which is not satisfied blindly to partake the good gifts of the gods and the geniuses, like the brutes that perish. Criticism has, in our times, risen to the rank of a creative science. In an age when Homer finds his Wolf, the remains of a Goose must not be left to the mangling fingers of the harpies of worldliness.

And if there must be a work of this kind

written—if, as is certainly the case, the age requires it and has a right to require it,—what hand (I have asked myself and now ask a thoughtful public) is better fitted to perform the labor than the true, though trembling hand of Father Gander? As a mere contemporary and companion of the lamented authoress, my claims would be entitled to distinguished consideration, but when I remember how many genial hours I have spent with her, brooding over these intellectual offspring, hardly less dear than the actual offspring, for whom they were intended,—how familiar I became with all the processes of thought which resulted in these apparently extemporaneous effusions, and especially when I remember that I myself sometimes indulged myself in similar expressions of a kindred spirit,—I feel myself called, as with many voices from the spirit-land, to undertake this great and long neglected work, and though the croakers of criticism may cry, slightly altering the language of my dear saint—

"Father, Father Gander  
Whither dost thou wander?"

—I shall, confident of the sympathy and support of all true and especially all old hearts, march straight forward to the summons of the mighty theme.

"There was a man and he had naught."

This is one of the finest gems in the whole collection. There is a negligée—an abandon—about it,—an *ars celata*—both in the rhyme and in the reasoning, which nothing but pure genius could have invented and which talent cannot imitate.

We would first, however, notice a classic allusion in the first couplet which probably escapes 999,999 in a million readers (another proof of the distinguished authoress's freedom from pedantry), Juvenal (sat. iii, 208-9), says:—

"Nil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat, et tamen illud  
Perdidit infelix totum nil."

Or as Dryden gives it:—

"Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,  
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost."

Now I happen to know that this passage was in Mrs. Goose's mind when she began with the paradox:—

"There was a man and he had naught  
And robbers came to rob him;"

But we proceed:

"He crept up to the chimney top  
And then they thought they had him."

Now here we see already a striking example of the manner in which Genius disdains the paltry facilities of the mere versifier. A mere poetaster-critic would probably say that the printer's devil had inverted the last word in the third line, which should have read—

"He crept up the chimney-pot,"

to make it rhyme with the "naught" in the first. Such an one would also suggest a change of the fourth line to

"And then they thought they'd nab him,"

for a similar reason (namely, rhyme). But how much finer is the effect of the surprise upon the ear—the asonanza (so effectually employed also by the Spanish poets and Herder, for instance, among the Germans),

than would have been the Chinese servility of a mere rhyme.

Mark, too, the grand simplicity and directness of the statement, so far above resorting to any artifice for the sake of avoiding repetition of what after all was the proper word—

"Robbers came to rob him."

Of course, says one of your petty critics, if they were robbers they came to rob him, but had not Madame Goose the skill to avoid such a palpable tautology? Might she not have said—

"Burglars came to rob him."

But mark now the intuitive felicity of inspiration! What would the heart of juvenile nature—unsophisticated infant innocence—as yet without the sad knowledge of legal quibbles—know about burglary?—

"And then they thought they had him."

Yes, well might they think they had him! How does the very monosyllabic character of this line express the *fix* into which the robbers fancied they had got their victim! Who cannot almost hear them saying "we've fixed his flint for him now." "We've cornered him."

But—observe the "deus ex machina"—the special providence in the case. We must ask our readers to recur to the picture (and by the way, how wonderfully do the pictorial and the poetic expressions of the idea in this volume generally harmonize, as if they were the product of twin-spirits)—let the reader recur to the picture here and he will notice a stone-slab resting, as if accidentally, against the side of the house on which the chimney is built. But was its being there accidental? No, Providence had placed it there to aid the escape of the poor, perplexed man, yonder, who, with his face all begrimed with tears and soot and sweat, is just climbing out of the chimney.

"But he got down the other side."

There is just sufficient vagueness in this expression, "the other side," when no side had been spoken of, to leave that free play for the imagination which it ever delights in.

"And then they couldn't find him."

Another stroke of genius! How admirably does this express the utter perplexity of the villains, when they found that their prey had eluded their grasp. We can overhear them saying, "Confound it, he's sloped!"

"And then they could not find him."

Like Bonaparte when he entered Moscow—and read on the walls of that deserted capital, "non est inventus." But, meanwhile, where is our poor harrassed, hunted Codrus? Already far on the road.

"He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,  
And never looked behind him."

Fourteen miles in fifteen days!—not, to be sure, quite 1000 miles in a thousand consecutive hours; but still, no doubt, a wonderful race under the circumstances, for that poor, panting, exhausted fugitive. But the last line expresses the moral of the whole story:

"And never looked behind him."

"The wicked," we are told, "flee when no man pursueth," and often, in their terror, do they look over their shoulders and quake at their own shadow. But here was the innocent

flying from the guilty, and observe the sign and seal of his innocence and his confidence in the justness of his cause.

"He never looked behind him."

With a devotion as well as discretion that is the better part of valor, he let his eyes look right on and his eyelids look straight before him—in the bold, but beautiful simplicity of our native idiom—he makes tracks. And we conclude by wishing our readers in all straits an equal combination of ingenuity and innocence.

"There was an old woman that lived in a shoe."

I happen to have the advantage (which few readers probably enjoy) of knowing who this old lady was: her name was Foote. I also happen to know, for a fact, what should have been, *a priori*, evident to any reader of common sense (and the circumstance of its being so seldom perceived shows how little the majority of people consider what they read), that those little imps crawling in and out of the old shoe in the familiar picture are not the old lady's own children, but her grandchildren. The truth is, Mrs. Foote had been doubly bereft, in her declining years, of her aged rib and of a widowed daughter, who left her with the sole charge of this most interesting family. Some persons may wonder at Mrs. Foote's taking a leather house, when that material is known to be such a conductor of electricity, but the simple fact is, that the old gentleman (of blessed memory) having died in somewhat slender circumstances, his widow cut off with her thirds, the greater part of the property having been sold to pay debts, stepped into her husband's shoes (as the saying is), which did not need to be soled, where by tying up the strings every night and untying them every morning, she contrived to keep safe and snug her numerous and troublesome family. The trouble she had in crowding them into the great boat-house of a shoe is admirably expressed by the authoress in the crowded line:

"She had so many children, she didn't know what to do."

A fine illustration, by the way, of Holmes's remark, that

"Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar  
Shakes the racked axle of art's rattling car,  
Fits like Mosaic in the lines that gird  
Fast in its place each many-angled word."

Pope speaks of some poetry:—

"Where ten small words oft creep in one dull line."

Mother Goose's line pictures to us very vividly a case—

Where ten small brats are lodged in one old shoe.

The poem proceeds and concludes with a succinct account of Mrs. Foote's domestic discipline. It is but too evident that this troublesome family lived upon *short quarters*. We may infer from the last couplet, that there was not room in the shoe to lodge all at once and that consequently it was necessary for one squad to be sleeping while another was supping,—this, however, is a matter open to difference of opinion.

"When I was a little boy, I lived by myself."

Dr. Blair, who insists so much on simplicity and succinctness in the opening state-

ment of a subject, would have been charmed with the openings of Mother Goose's poems. Nowhere does the lamented authoress show more decidedly her artistic power than in these first lines, which are so conceived that when we recal them we find that in them, as in an egg, lay the whole meat of the poem.

We would notice here, as no slight mark of the discernment of genius, that the making of a dissyllable in the antique biblical style, out of the word "lived" is the one thing that renders the statement a poetic, when it would otherwise have been a prosaic one.

We pass to the poem itself. There is no difficulty of any consequence, till we come near the end. It would seem that the young gentleman who here favours the world with his valuable experience, had left at this tender age the paternal roof, partly from a desire not to be burdensome to his straitened parents, and partly, no doubt, with the natural, juvenile love of independence, precociously developed, in the present case, into a determination to contract an early marriage and set up an establishment of his own. For we find that with a self-denial remarkable at his years, "all the bread and cheese he got" (in the simple and beautiful language of the poem), "he laid upon a shelf." In other words he refused himself not only the common indulgences of youth, but even stinted himself in the necessities of life, that he might have a nest egg for the anonymous Mrs. — that was to be, who, as the poets say, "was as yet in the bosom of futurity." But alas! as might have been anticipated, the bread and cheese, which, of themselves, must in the course of things have moulded long before their owner could have expected to woo successfully the hand of any fair lady, were seized by the rats and the mice, and our young master saw himself forced, in self-defence, instead of waiting for heaven to send him some rich and beautiful and congenial spouse, to turn his remaining stock of provisions into ready money and go to London, and there in the heat and hurry of that crowded metropolis buy him a wife. How he proceeded is not told, that he succeeded we are informed, and now comes the only obscure passage in the poem, as indeed there are many obscure passages in winding one's way through a great city—

"The lanes were so broad and the streets were so narrow

I was forced to carry my wife home in a wheelbarrow."

"What does this mean?" a thoughtful reader asks. It has been suggested that, as

"Rhymes the rudders are of verses  
By which like ships they steer their courses,"

(and if ships, why not wheelbarrows?) the word *narrow* slipped in without any special propriety merely for the sake of euphony. But I cannot believe that my wife would condescend to such weakness. I rather think the meaning is this: that the great breadth, and consequently the great length (for a thing is always as long at least as it is broad), of the lanes through the suburbs of the city, rendered it out of the question that the bride should go home on foot, and the narrowness of the streets, which probably had, at that day, no sidewalks, and so compelled him to follow on in the wake of teams and carriages, left the poor man no alternative (having spent so much in buying his bride), but to

wheel her home. But here comes the crowning claim upon our compassion. Mrs. Goose was never guilty of a false emphasis, and therefore when she says, after relating the upsetting of the vehicle, "down came the wheelbarrow my wife and all," it is but too evident that some neighbor at home had imposed on his good nature and persuaded him, while he was about it, to buy a wife for *him* also, especially as two would come cheaper, in proportion than one, and so it was in the very act of rendering this service to a fellow creature that our hero and our poem met with this unfortunate catastrophe.

"Little boy blue."

There is an expressiveness in the word *blue*, here, which must not escape the reader's observation. My late, lamented partner, was profoundly philological as well as *alliterary*. There is a deep and delicate affinity (and she felt it), between the adjective *blue* and the verb *blew*. Hence the sky was always felt to be peculiarly blue when the winds blew and the clouds flew and the sky showed through (as the French say "par un trou"). And the little boy who blew the horn, in the freshness of the morn, being, as we always and rightly imagine, as open as the day and as pure as the sky, is therefore most felicitously called (as well as, perhaps, with reference to the color of his jacket), "little boy blue." "Come blow up your horn." To "blow up" means commonly to explode, as in the case of a house, or to fill with air as in the case of a foot-ball case, in regard to which the boys commonly say "blow her up" and sometimes adding playfully, "and bust her." In college they sometimes are said to take a horn and have a blow-out, or a bust.\* In the present instance the meaning undoubtedly is, "come inflate your instrument." The Saxon of course is preferable, though in this cultivated age it cannot well be understood without the above gloss to give it a refined appearance.

HOMER BIBLEIC.†

This is decidedly an original work. It is unlike anything on the same subject which has ever appeared, and probably will agree with no work which may follow it. The views of the author are novel in almost all respects; he agrees with hardly any one on religious matters; he repudiates natural theology as worthless, in the teeth of Bishop Butler's Analogy; he scouts the doctrine of the Trinity; he throws overboard the sacraments, ministry, ordinances, and all, in the sense in which Christian people usually receive them; he looks upon infant baptism as a palpable corruption; he asserts that the wicked will be annihilated, not eternally punished; and in various other ways shows that he has an out and out, untrammelled, independent manner of looking at things. If novelty be any recommendation, the reader will find enough in these two octavo volumes of a thousand pages and upwards, more than enough, to satisfy his every desire.

We have not the slightest intention to speak disparagingly of Dr. McCulloh or his volumes; but, psychologically considered, he

\* Sometimes they talk of blowing it right out *strictly* as evident in allusion to the trombone.

† Analytical Investigations concerning the Credibility of the Scriptures, and of the Religious System inculcated in them; together with a Historical exhibition of human conduct during the several dispensations under which mankind have been placed by their Creator. By J. H. McCulloh. M. D. 2 vols. 8vo. Baltimore, J. S. Waters. 1852.



may be termed a rarity in these days. Usually it requires great self-reliance, and some courage, to array oneself, single-handed, against the world; a man in such cases is apt to express himself a little modestly, as though it were just possible for him to be in the wrong; not so, however, with Dr. McC. He has no more hesitation in treating with virtual contempt the vast learning and talent of the Hookers, the Burrows, the Butlers, the Chalmers, and such-like among divines, than if they were mere school-boys, and he the autocrat, Dr. Busby; he pronounces them all wrong with as infallible an air as if he were a pope or something more. We do not, of course, deny that Dr. McC. has a right to do this if he likes; neither do we deny that he may say, if he pleases, that two and two make five: and yet, we opine, he has as much chance of proving the latter as of persuading Christendom to believe the former.

Dr. McCulloh, no doubt, has read a good deal; he has studied quite a variety of books; he evidences a very respectable amount of learning and acuteness; and, we are bound to think, has written under the pressure of a conviction that, better late than never, the world should be set right. Fully in earnest, and entirely persuaded that deists can be confuted in no other way than by adopting the theories which he labors to establish, he writes strongly, and expresses himself with freedom on all points; and, whatever may be thought of his conclusions, no one can doubt, we think, his sincere wish to vindicate the truth and credibility of the Holy Scriptures. On our part, we shall not, in the brief compass allowed us in the columns of the *Literary World* for this purpose, undertake to review Dr. McCulloh's *Investigations and Analyses*; we could not do it without going at large into questions of the most diverse and perplexing kind, as well moral and philosophical as theological. That we are clear in the opinion that Dr. McC. is wrong, we need hardly say; but, as we do not wish at all to dogmatize, we shall beg of the reader, who cares to search into the grounds of his religious belief, to get these volumes, and to examine them at leisure. The truth-loving man need not apprehend any but good results from such a course; for though he may not be persuaded by the recondite speculations and the acute investigations of the author to adopt any new or different views of the truth as he has learned it, yet he will, we doubt not, gain this advantage from Dr. McCulloh's volumes, viz., a knowledge of what an earnest, studious, pious man can think and say on the most momentous of all topics, religious truth and purity. He will also, we hope, learn thereby a lesson of charity for those who differ from him and the Christian world at large; and will, in a measure, appreciate the hard case of men who stumble at objections to generally received truth, as if absolute certainty were ever to be attained, and who forget that in all matters in this life, and on points where certainty is not within our reach, "a man is as really bound (to use Bishop Butler's words) in prudence, to do what upon the whole appears, according to the best of his judgment, to be for his happiness, as what he certainly knows to be so."

With a single extract from Dr. McC.'s preface, which it is only just to the author to quote at large, we commend the present

work to the examination of all who are interested in Scriptural studies.

"Few readers will be able to appreciate my work by a single perusal. It is impossible to treat of the various important subjects I have discussed, in such order as will unfold them in a regular succession of inferences. Sometimes two or more subjects interlock with each other in such a manner as to render it extremely difficult to determine which of the two ought to be first investigated, and yet, without both are clearly comprehended, neither of them can be fully appreciated as to their single merits. I have sometimes been obliged, also, notwithstanding my efforts to avoid such incongruity, to base an argument based upon inferences deduced from an investigation not yet laid before the reader, and which was sometimes at a considerable distance off, at a place in my work where I considered the discussion more appropriately belonged. Hence my remark as above, that few persons will be able to appreciate my work on a single perusal. It will be necessary to understand all my arguments and inferences before men can fairly judge of the coherence and simplicity of my expositions."

DR. HAWKS' LECTURE ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA, BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

WE are indebted to the publication in the *Daily Times*, where this lecture appeared entire, for the following presentation of the chief points and glowing peroration of this valuable historical memoir:—

After a picturesque description of the physical character of the State and the general spirit of its inhabitants, Dr. Hawks presented *three* incidents in Carolina history which were memorable:—1st. It was on the shores of North Carolina that the first English Colony was planted in America: 2nd. The first blood shed in battle with the troops of the English Government, in support of the principles of the American revolution, was the blood of North Carolinians, and the first battle field was on the soil of that State: 3d. The first Declaration of Independence ever promulgated in any of these Colonies came from North Carolinians, more than a year before the national declaration of July 4, 1776. Of the first two points mentioned he said nothing: but confined his attention solely to the last. Rapidly sketching the history of the State, for the purpose of showing the character of the people by whom it was settled,—learning to unite, as they did, the impulsive ardor of the Irish with the keen and cool intellectual perception of the Scotch, and being especially distinguished by the intensity of their religious feeling,—he gave some very amusing anecdotes illustrating especially the heroism of the women, and then introduced the audience to a Convention of representatives of Mecklenburg County, held at the town of Charlotte on the 19th day of May, 1775,—the day on which they received, by special express, news of the battle of Lexington. At that Convention a series of resolutions was reported by a Committee, appointed for that purpose, read and adopted by the Convention, in which was embodied a distinct and formal repudiation of the authority of the British Crown, and a Declaration of Independence, couched, (as was evident upon the reading of them,) in language identical with that used by Jefferson in the National Declaration issued more than a year afterwards. The existence of these resolutions has been frequently denied, and among others, we

believe, by Jefferson himself. Dr. Hawks, therefore, devoted the main portion of his Lecture to proving, by both direct and circumstantial evidence, that the resolutions were adopted in the precise language in which they were afterwards published by authority of the Legislature of North Carolina.

After closing this portion of his Lecture, which was a close and most admirable analysis and grouping of documentary evidence, Dr. Hawks proceeded to give the *moral* of his story. Ye are, said he, my countrymen, gathered from all parts of our broad land. Probably the blood of some brave soldier from each one of the glorious Old Thirteen, that, with Washington to lead, went through fire to baptise a nation in their blood, and to name it Free, is represented here to-night. There is circling here through our veins the blood of New-England and New-York, of Jersey and Pennsylvania; brave little Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, and the blood of men from all once made a common pool on more than one hard-fought field. No sound was heard of sectional feeling, saying I fight for Massachusetts, and I for Virginia, I for Connecticut; and I for Carolina, I for Jersey, and I for Georgia. No, no, the cry was—we fight for the freedom of *all*—we want no freedom which does not cover *all*—we will have no freedom but for *all*—and have it for *all*, with God's good help we will, or leave our bones to bleach on the fields of our country. Oh, it is glorious, to sit down and turn over the pages of those stirring times, until the heart throbs and the eye waters, and we rise to the full appreciation of the dignity, the sublimity of that purest, most unselfish revolution, recorded in the world's history. Ah! that is the process by which to bring out the true feeling—intensely American. Look back, look back, my countrymen: Oh, how our brave old fathers clung together. Boston was in trouble in 1774. North Carolina expressed her resentment, and at a cost of £800 sterling, sent to her a vessel loaded with provisions. The town from which it went had but 600 inhabitants, and the whole colony but 150,000. Again hear them after the Act of Parliament levelled against Boston. They speak in their Provincial Congress: "Resolved, that the inhabitants of Massachusetts Province have distinguished themselves in a manly support of the rights of America in general, and that the cause in which they now suffer is the cause of every honest American who deserves the blessings which the constitution holds forth to him. That the grievances under which the town of Boston labors at present are the effect of a resentment levelled at them, for having stood foremost in an opposition to measures which must eventually have involved all British America in a state of abject dependence and servitude." These be noble words. Again, hear these same men at Mecklenburg, (of whom I have said so much,) in one of their meetings in 1775: "The cause of Boston is the cause of *all*; our destinies are indissolubly connected with those of our Eastern fellow-citizens, and we must either submit to all the impositions which an unprincipled Parliament may impose, or support our brethren who are doomed to sustain the first shock of that power which, if successful there, will ultimately overwhelm all in the common calamity." These were brotherly tones, and

think you the Boston men of that day did not appreciate them? Why Massachusetts had her sons down in Carolina, and the men understood and loved each other. Let Josiah Quincy, the young patriot of Boston, tell the story, for he was the man who could tell it. He was at the house of Samuel Harnett, the man who drew the resolution in the Provincial Congress, calling on the Continental body for a Declaration of Independence: the man whom Quincy described to his countrymen as "the Saml. Adams of N. C." He says, "Robert Howe, Harnett, and I, made the social triumvirate of the evening." They settled the plan of "continental correspondence," and Quincy went home to tell his countrymen that North Carolina, and indeed all the South, would join Massachusetts in her resistance. The North and the South then felt as brethren; and now, ye sons of the North—ye men with the blood of the dead soldiers and heroes of New-England, New-York, Jersey, Pennsylvania, and all, coming through your veins: ye sons of the North—I stand here with the blood of the Southron in my veins—and I hold out my hand in love to you—and say to you, our fathers were brethren, and fought side by side, and they comforted each other in death on the battle-field, and they loved each other; what should we be? Will ye refuse my offered hand? Oh, no! it cannot be, ye cry—you are our brethren, for we are all children of one household. Aye, and so we be—and so with God's blessing, would we ever be. And as children of one great household, what should be our conduct? Mutual forbearance and love, and a united resistance to all, come from where they may, who would sow discord between us. We are a large household; there must be some diversities of opinion; let there, however, be none on this great determination, viz.: that our diversities of opinion shall be discussed, with entire respect for the rights and consciences of each other; and our mutual determination in all honor and honesty to support each other's just rights shall be so fulfilled, that there shall be no discord that can lead to a rupture of family ties. Paramount to all other matters of interest with us just now, is, I apprehend, the determination to do as our fathers did, stand together through life, and if necessary, in death, on the battle field. How near we may be to the need of all our strength, God only knows, but the day is coming when we shall need it. May it find us, when it comes, neither disunited nor unprepared for its approach. The moral of my story, then, is briefly this: that, sprung from fathers who did well, and manfully acted their parts together, it becomes not us, their sons, either to forget their sufferings and achievements, or to spurn their example. May I not, with becoming modesty, say, in conclusion, for the good old State that has furnished my theme, that as one of the children of the common household, while treated with respect and kindness, she is exceedingly good natured and not over ready to take offence when no wrong is meant? She can understand, too, a joke among friends. She is willing the other children of the family, especially the little and the young ones, should (if it will afford their childishness any amusement,) call her "sleepy old Rip Van Winkle." Rip Van Winkle be it then; it is a respectable soubriquet, for it is Dutch, and North Carolina has rather a fancy for Dutch blood,

inasmuch as it has never proved itself cowardly: but let me tell you, sleepy as you may think Rip to be, he follows the fashion of his country and generally sleeps, to use the phrase of his people, "with one eye open." Rip thinks he was wide awake on the 20th of May, 1775, in Mecklenburg—wide awake when on the morning of the 27th of February, 1776, he fought the loyalists to the number of 1,500, and made a clear field of it, scattering them and crushing their principles throughout Carolina—wide awake on the 12th of April, 1776, when he told the Continental Congress to shout out, without fear, *Independence*; wide awake, when after the war, almost one of his first acts was to found an University; wide awake when he took the lead and ordered the first geological survey of any State in this Union; and above all, wide awake when he saved the money he earned, and so always paid promptly every dollar he owed, from the time he was a freeman, and never had occasion to give his promissory note, much less deny his signature to it afterward; wide awake when he resolved to use a little of his surplus money to show his respect and regard for a very worthy gentleman and friend of his, one Mr. George Washington, and so caused the best sculptor in the world to make a marble monument of his departed friend, and had it set up, that the children might know what was old Rip's idea of a man. Who would have thought, by the way, that the sleepy old fellow was so full of gratitude and good taste! Really, he does not seem to have been such a drowsy character after all; and now go where he is, perhaps he will be lying down, and perchance you will think he is again asleep: but let me tell you he knows very well all that is going on in the great family household, and how each child is getting on in the world; and he knows, too, something about the families that are of no kin to him; and just whisper to him that you think there are thieves and enemies prowling around the old homestead, and he will tell you that he knows it, and you will see him on his feet in an instant; and when he is wanted, there he will be, rifle in hand, with a man's heart and a man's strength to do all a man's duty; and when he has done it, he will, perhaps, quietly lie down again; and whether he is too sleepy, or whether he is too modest, I cannot say—but so it is, that after he has done all that a man should do, he will be very sure, unless obliged to speak, to say little or nothing about it. This is Rip Van Winkle. I hope you like him.

Dr. Hawks closed his discourse, which had been listened to with the deepest interest throughout, amidst loud applause. He stated, in the course of it, what we are sure the whole country, as well as the citizens of his own State, will be glad to learn, that he is engaged in writing a history of North Carolina.

#### LITERATURE—BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

THE ART-UNION sale went off with unexpected animation and success, and from the decided prestige it has given to American Art may, amidst the difficulties of the Institution, be considered as a final act of triumph. The 395 paintings which had been purchased for \$38,127 brought \$35,743, an unprecedented result, we believe, in a peremptory sale of this kind. This high average was of course with an excess beyond the

cost in some instances and a corresponding depression in others. Church's New England Scenery took the lead of all the rest, bringing \$1300, the original cost to the Art-Union being \$500. It was purchased by Mr. G. Daniels of this city, who became also the possessor of Edmonds' "Preparing for Christmas" (\$305), Peele's "Boy and Rabbits" (\$205), Kensett's Indian Rendezvous (\$340), and Rotherwell's "Murray's Defence of Toleration" (\$675); Palmer's Bas Relief of "Evening" was bought by Ogden Haggerty for \$340; John Van Buren became the possessor of Woodville's "Game of Chess," a Christmas gift, it is said, from his client Mr. O'Sullivan (\$650); the same artist's "Old '76 and Young '42" was purchased by Mr. W. H. Webb (\$450), together with Ranney's "Marion crossing the Pedee" (\$900); Mr. Coreoran of Washington gave \$600 for the "Amazon and Children," by Leutze. Page's "Holy Family," was sold for \$200. At the close of the sale Mr. Cozzens, the President, made a few remarks which have been well received by the public, stating strongly the usefulness of the institution to American art, of which no better proof could be afforded than the sale just concluded, and ending with a palpable hit:

"It would sound, perhaps, like sarcasm, to say that the cause of Art looks now to those by whose agency the useful career of the American Art-Union has been brought to a close, for some better organization to take its place, and accomplish the work it has endeavored to perform.

"But if any system can be devised, by them or by any other friends of art, better than that we have hitherto pursued, as we supposed, under the fullest sanctions of the law and for the best interests of the whole community, it will be welcomed by none more strongly than by those who are now relieved from duties and responsibilities not light by any means, but which have still been cheerfully borne because they promised, in their judgment, to do something for the public good."

The building owned and occupied by the SOCIETY LIBRARY on Broadway, has been sold for the sum of \$110,000. This handsome result will place it in the power of this Institution to renew its career in a more convenient part of the city under very favorable circumstances. If the directors avail themselves of past experiences they will be content with a simply constructed building suitable for their purposes, in a desirable but not over expensive locality, and will add to their real strength by the increase of the number of books, improved facilities and resources in the reading room, and the substantial comforts of the members. With these advantages and a situation in the vicinity of the central position of Astor Place, a very liberal pecuniary support, we are confident, is in readiness for this ancient and useful City Library Association.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY has made its appearance, readable in type (which is an improvement on the spectacle-confederacy style of most of its contemporaries), of a neat Black-wood page, though of a larger size than that periodical. The literature is generally thoughtful, with a commendable preference of American topics. The anonymous is strictly preserved inside, though we notice on the cover the usual batch of "Contributors," in mixed company. There is a poem, however, easily traceable to Longfellow—an improvement of a picturesque incident at-



tending the death of the Duke of Wellington—"The Warden of the Cinque Ports:—

"Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover,

Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

"Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance  
The sea-coast opposite.

"And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel;  
Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
That all was well.

"And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

"Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun, from the black fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with their call.

"For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the destroyer,  
The rampart wall has scaled."

We may note, by the side of these verses from Mr. Longfellow's poem, the use another American Poet, Mr. Parsons, the translator of Dante, has made of that other memorable night-scene of the year, Marshfield, the 24th October:—

"The woods at midnight heard an angel's tread,  
The sear leaves rustled in his withering breath;  
The night was beautiful with stars; we said  
'This is the harvest moon.' 'Twas thine, O Death!

"Gone, then, the splendor of October's day!  
A single night, without the aid of frost,  
Has turned the gold and crimson into gray,  
And the year's glory, with the world's, is lost."

Messrs. Barnum and Beach's *Illustrated News* is a promising first number. The literary matter has a business compactness in type and is of interest. The illustrations are all on American subjects—a feature well worth preserving if this journal is to maintain a distinctive character.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, a sufficient authority, we would think, on such a point, with its recollections of the Cock Lane Ghost and general familiarity with ancient matters, thus speaks in the November number of Mr. Mathews's tragedy of "Witchcraft:—

"The dark annals of Massachusetts have suggested this stern drama. It is an episode in the terrible story of witchcraft, put into action, and that skillfully. The local painting is ably executed; the phrasing snacks of the ancient period of 1680; and the characters move and speak gracefully and naturally before us, without constantly forcing on the mind of reader or audience that they are rather mimic personages than realities. As a dramatic poem, the piece is not without faults, and those occasionally of some gravity, but we overlook them for the sake of the promise in which the work abounds. There is a quaint beauty in most of the scenes, and over the chief personages there descends from

the commencement a shadow of the fate against which they are to struggle and beneath which they are to succumb. The very essence of tragedy is here, and use has been made of it under the guidance of excellent discretion."

Our readers would do well to look into this magazine and give it their support. Since the days of Dr. Johnson, the *Gentleman's* has never been in so vigorous a condition as at present. With such conductors and contributors as the eritic Mitford, Dyce, Allan Cunningham, Bruce, and others, its spirit is fully equal to its learning. The old dryness has quite departed from its pages under the influences of the times.

Two volumes of Lord John Russell's Biography and Memoirs of the poet Moore, have reached this country and will appear immediately from the press of the Appletons. There will probably not be a great deal of original matter from the pen of the editor, but we are likely to have a numerous series of volumes from the material left by Moore, which consists mainly of an Autobiography to his twentieth year, a great number of letters, and a Journal extending over nearly thirty years, from 1818 to 1846-7. This last is commenced in the second volume and covers the period of his preparations for the Life of Sheridan. We need not say that the Diary is a highly enjoyable picture of the light literary and fashionable society of the day. It contains the best gossip of England for a quarter of a century—the sentiment, the incident, the jest of the day, from a political discussion to a conundrum. A couple of entries relating to this country struck us on opening the Diary. They show that some of Moore's American prejudices were not very deeply rooted; or that, at least, he thought less of them than the newspapers did. This under date of Oct. 18.

"Received from town the volumes of the 'Portfolio,' which I had left to be bound; an American publication, in one part of which I find myself abused for my 'dwarfish stature, weak eyes, and awkward dancing.' The last charge I flatter myself not true. I appeal to all my partners. But I forgive the Yankees for abusing my dancing; I brought more serious charges against them, and perhaps with quite as little truth."

and the same season,

"Read some of Fearon's 'Sketches of American Life,' and like it much. Was amused by his quoting not only gravely, but with some degree of respect, my boyish opinions about America: 'Moore's melancholy conclusion!'"

Mrs. KIRKLAND'S *Book for the Home Circle*, a companion to her "Evening Book" of last year, is what its name imports (which is much more than can be said of most books) a lively, thinking and suggestive volume, fresh and attractive on every day subjects and provocative of good feeling, sound thinking and the best conversation. The topics are Reading and Authors, Literary Women, Fashionable and Unfashionable, Rural Life, Economy, &c., on all of which there is novelty and independence, expressed in the most agreeable talking style. There is no Sir Oracle about this lady, or lack of sharp pungent sense either, but her pen allows the reader both to agree and differ with her and does not stifle or weary the mind as much essay writing does. A sense of humor gives this quick perception of the truth and fitness of things. There is the best sort of Ame-

ricanism, too, in Mrs. Kirkland's books, of which this is one of the most agreeable, a perpetual incentive to the arts of "plain living and high thinking," getting in a practical way at the really noble and enjoyable things of life. The book is published in a holiday dress by Scribner. It may be as well to caution the reader against mistaking the lovely lady in the vignette title

"Hair loosely flowing  
Robes as free,"

for any person at all resembling the author of the volume, though the inscription decidedly favors that supposition.

"Cousin Alice" has not forgotten that it is Christmas to-day—and accordingly Mrs. Neal has ready for the juvenile world a new story, *Patient Waiting no Loss*, in which she touches tenderly as in former books, the joys and afflictions of the young. The story is that of an orphan brought up in a great asylum, who leaves the harsh unkindness of his fellow pupils, the sharpest cruelty a sensitive mind can suffer in the world, for the experience of the life without in a family where jealousy, favoritism, and misrepresentation keep his sorrows alive, till by the agency of a guardian spirit, a beneficent Miss Middleton, who appears and reappears through the volume, a good ending is brought about of prosperity and happiness. There are numerous touching scenes sympathetically handled by Mrs. Neal, who brings a sentiment of her own with new American incidents to the old machinery of the plot and the moral for the young—the very best listeners to a story in the world. The volume is issued in an attractive style by the Appletons.

The same publishers have quite a new stock of youthful and other pleasantries for the holiday counter. There is a fine artistic, elegant, though not very expensive quarto from England, *The Village Queen or Summer in the Country*, with letter-press by Thomas Miller, the amiable and ever pleasing writer on rural life, and water-color drawings, prepared by the new processes in "chromatic fac-similes" from the pencils of Wehnert, Absolon, Lee, and Harrison Weir. These exhibit the choicest ruralities of the English landscape, of course with English men and women, foremost of which we may remember Absolon's Village Dance, and a group of the Nut-gatherers. A right pleasant gift-book.

Appleton's *Picture Story Books* by great authors and great painters, is a collection not to be passed over without notice, with its complete history of Punchinello, with a hundred quaint French pictures and incidents, Dumas' Good Lady Bertha's Honey Broth, with more pictures and invention, Charles Nodier's Bean Flower and Pea Blossom, with all sorts of dramatic wonders, and Genius Goodfellow, and the Wood-Cutter's Dog. We shall try the effect of that volume on a young gentleman of our acquaintance who knows what pictures are and who is not to be put off with a sham! *Otto's Treasury of Stories* is something in a different vein, a little annual with tales and poetry for a young lady. Then there is a cluster of *Winter Evening Recreations, Tales of the Country, Good in Everything, a Story, and Footsteps to Natural History*, all in small 4to. with various attractions for young eyes.

*The Pretty Plate*, by John Vincent, Esq. Redfield.—A juvenile story, in which two

little girls are tempted to steal a pretty plate, and have sad compunction of conscience until they make restitution and confession of their fault. It is related to a group of children whose comments and interruptions are very boyish and girlish. Mr. Darley's "pretty plates" will be as attractive to the Christmas recipients of this book as the porcelain plate was to the heroine of the story.

*Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by Donald Macleod (Scribner).—It has often occurred to us in reading Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, that admirable as that work is, a life was needed of smaller bulk to meet the requirements of the new generations of readers and accompany the first perusal of the novels. The youth who has just finished *Ivanhoe* needs some work of moderate compass to learn from it that the creator of the fiction which has so warmed and charmed his imagination was as true a knight as any of the fabled heroes in armor he has just parted with. Such a work is supplied by Mr. Macleod. He has in a moderate twelvemo volume compressed an immense fund of anecdote without overloading the course of the continuous narrative. Avoiding criticism or rather taking the position of Scott's prose and verse as a matter long since permanently settled, he aims at presenting the man himself in his social life before us. This he has done and done well in a kindly, enthusiastic spirit, and an agreeable and animated style.

*Consolation: in Discourses on Select Topics, addressed to the Suffering People of God*, by James W. Alexander, D.D. Charles Scribner.—This volume, an elegantly printed octavo, contains eighteen Discourses, all addressed to those who are suffering under the manifold sorrows which the changes and chances of this mortal life impose, sometime or other, upon all. The gayest smiles must often change to the fixed composure of grief, the rainbow-hued garb of fashion be laid aside for the dull, uniform sables of sadness. For this season of sadness, common as death to all, are the consolations of the volume designed. Dr. Alexander is too well known as a Divine for his book to need any introduction beyond a statement of its contents.

*Heaven and its Scriptural Emblems*, by Rev. Rufus W. Clark. (Boston: Jewett & Co.)—This work does not aim at any speculations on the future state of the blessed farther than warrant is given us in the glimpses afforded in the word of God. It contains a series of discourses based on these passages, and reflective rather than argumentative in tone, warming however, into eloquence at the sublimity of the theme. The book is illustrated with steel engravings, from designs in the school of John Martin, by Billings, and is resplendent in a holiday dress of crimson and gold.

*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Mrs. Stowe.—Illustrated by Billings. (Jewett & Co.)—Uncle Tom's popularity fairly entitles him to all the honors of publication, including the crowning one, on this side of the water, of the handsome pictorial edition before us. The exciting scenes of the narrative furnish a fine field for illustration, and as each chapter in the present volume is preceded and followed by an engraving, few of these opportunities are lost. Mr. Billings is a good draughtsman, modelled somewhat on the English designer, Gilbert. His ladies and children are graceful, his animated groups spirited, his slave-drivers and slave-dealers bear the evil impress of their calling. Some

of his negro scenes are amusing, but he has as a general thing failed in his delineation of the negro character. The volume also contains a portrait of Mrs. Stowe, and a vignette head of Little Eva. The whole forms a stout 8vo. of 560 pages, and the low price at which it is offered shows that the publishers feel as confident as ever of the marvellous productiveness of their "hit."

*Lectures to Children; familiarly illustrating Important Truths*. By Rev. John Todd. Northampton: Hopkins, Bridgman & Co.—This little book has, says the preface, gone through fifteen editions at home, many in England, been translated into most of the European languages, used as a school book in Sierra Leone, and printed in raised letters for the blind. It contains a series of Sermons actually delivered to the children of his congregation by the author, "usually once in three months." The example is one worthy of being followed. They abound in direct practical illustration, familiar and comprehensible to children, and are simple and forcible in style. This new edition contains new lectures, and some good woodcuts.

*The Progressive Farmer: a Scientific Treatise on Agricultural Chemistry, the Geology of Agriculture; on Plants, Animals, Manures, and Soils, applied to Practical Agriculture*, by J. A. Nash. C. M. Saxton.—An addition to the valuable series of agricultural works issued by this publisher. The farmer nowadays must, like the rest of us, "progress," and with no slow step if he would keep pace with his neighbors. With our ample verge and scope we should be inferior to no nation of the earth in the scientific development of the resources of the soil from which we draw our sustenance, nor are we likely to be, judging from the multiplication of patents and copyrights bearing on agricultural matters.

*Life and Memorials of Daniel Webster*.—Two volumes in the Popular Library of the Appletons, chiefly composed of the personal anecdotes and reminiscences of Gen. S. P. Lyman, whose relations of friendship to the distinguished subject stamp his story with unquestionable authenticity—no slight point in these days of anecdote-mongering touching illustrious people. The scenes of Webster's life from the earliest to the latest are here fully presented, the domestic vieing with the political interest of the volumes. A full historical memoir, by Mr. Raymond, of the *Daily Times*, is prefixed, and for a sequel we have, in the best form in which they are now accessible, the eloquent funeral orations by Everett, Choate, and Hillard. There is also a miscellaneous collection of anecdotes, letters of Webster, and other material from various sources, all of a noticeable character. A copy from MSS. of a brief in an argument on the Dorr Rebellion, before the Supreme Court, is an example of Webster's thorough system and preparation for an important question, and is well worthy of study for its exhibition of the method of a great lawyer.

Messrs. Appleton republish Arthur's *Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett*, a merchant of Bristol, Eng., who united successful business activity with a pious devoted life, and whose story, told with unusual spirit and animation, may be profitably conned by our mercantile and trading community both for entertainment and example.

*Speeches on the Legislative Independence of Ireland, with Introductory Notes*, by Thomas

Francis Meagher. Redfield, Nassau Street, New York. Remembering now the vivid light which these speeches flashed over Ireland, and across the Atlantic to our own country, on their delivery, this collection is welcome as among the most meritorious and enduring memorials of the great popular commotions of 1846 and the years immediately following. Among Irish orators of the younger generation, Mr. Meagher is unquestionably the most brilliant rhetorician; with a wide and free range of illustration, and a cumulative power of statement which give him great power in popular assemblies. The historical value of this publication is greatly increased by copious Notes, in the collection and arrangement of which Mr. Meagher handsomely acknowledges the assistance of Mr. John Savage, one of the cleverest of our gay litterateurs.

The *Waverley Novels*, published by B. B. Mussey & Co. and H. Parker, Boston, have reached their nineteenth volume, which is "Woodstock"—one of the most peculiar of that noble series. The illustrations, which are vigorously designed and neatly engraved, are "Alice," "Sir Henry Lee and Markham Everard," and another in which Oliver Cromwell is the principal figure. This edition, universally commended by the press, still remains the principal one for cheapness, and convenience to hand and eye. It is compact, well printed, and indicates a disposition to meet a public demand, which, we have no doubt, will be liberally responded to.

#### TRUST.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

##### I.

A SNOW-WHITE statue of a little child  
Treading within a steep and narrow path  
Through which a storm would sweep with  
wildest wrath,  
Yet on the face, a light as calm and mild  
As one who strayeth, where soft moonlight sleeps  
O'er velvet turf which only knows the showers  
Of freshening dew, to pearl the fairest flowers,  
While through the air delicious perfume sweeps.  
So calm a presence hath his angel guide—  
So strong the trust in that dear clasping hand,  
That leads him gently, with its mute command  
Through thorny paths, o'er moorlands bleak and  
wide;  
The faith so firm, and past escapes so dear,  
His eyes are closed to shut out every fear.

##### II.

So I, MY FATHER keep the rugged track  
Which at thy bidding, patiently I tread,  
While tempest clouds are gathering overhead,  
And fairer scenes would woo me softly back.  
For I have learned, like that dear, trusting child,  
To clasp the hand that guides me through the  
waste  
That cheers the lagging step, or checks the  
haste  
With like mute, thrilling pressure, firm yet mild,  
I too have closed mine eyes to future ill,  
And all the dreary terrors of the past,  
Remembered pangs that crowd upon me fast!  
Saying to sickly fancies, "peace, be still!"  
Though tear-stained robes are trailing in the  
dust,  
I know my guide, I know in whom I trust!  
Thanksgiving Day, 1852.

#### FRAGMENTS.

O, SEEK for song from icy lips, as well,  
Or sweet aroma in a perish'd rose,  
Or stars to sparkle 'neath a cloudy heaven,  
As find life's eloquence in marr'd soul;



Or note, in its creations out of time,  
What asks, or shows, existence to be real.

Strange, that the striving of each influence—  
Each secret, constant voicing that floats up,  
Mysteriously, from all this visible world—  
From every star, and stream, and wing and leaf,  
Should once, with all it yearns to teach and bless,  
Go by unnoted, nor interpreted.  
Strange, that the eager, glowing spark of God  
Shrin'd in the spacious temple of the soul,  
Should once be left untended to a flame;  
But quiver dubiously mid false lights;  
Or die to ashy coldness, summoning not,  
Like brilliance to fair festival,  
A glorious company, and rightful there;—  
With Knowledge, Reverence, Courage, Self-control,  
Each, from a dais, dispensing favor round!

J. A. M.

## HORATIO GREENOUGH.

HORATIO GREENOUGH died at Boston on the 18th December, of a brain fever. He was born in that city in 1805, received a liberal education, graduating at Harvard in 1825. He soon after left for Italy, where the greater part of the remainder of his life was passed. He rapidly rose to eminence as a sculptor by the excellence of his portrait busts, his group of the sleeping cherubs, executed for Cooper, the novelist, in 1829, his Medora, the Angel Abdiel, and other ideal works. In 1833 he commenced his colossal Washington, which occupied him for ten years. It is a work which has elicited much criticism favorable and unfavorable. He has also executed another work for government, a group typical of the conflict between civilisation and savage life, which forms so prominent a part of the history of our country. The group is colossal and represents a hunter rescuing a child from the murderous tomahawk of an Indian. It is on its way, at the leisurely pace with which intercourse with Italy is conducted, to this country. We saw this group some five years ago in an unfinished state in the artist's studio, at Florence, and cannot doubt that it will be highly esteemed by the nation, when it reaches its destination.

Mr. Greenough returned home in 1851. He soon after commenced, in connexion with his brother artist Brown, a second statue of Washington, to be placed in Union Park, funds having been liberally subscribed by the residents of that neighborhood, to defray the expense. It is yet unfinished, but it is fortunately in the hands of an able coadjutor.

Mr. Greenough will be deeply lamented by his friends as well as his nation. He was distinguished for urbanity and amiability, charming the many who visited him at his foreign home with the graceful ease and refinement of his manner, his hospitable kindness, and his animated and instructive conversation.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## VERSIONS OF THE "DIES IRÆ."

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I have been interested in the several versions of the peerless hymn of Thomas de Celano on the Day of Judgment, and was pleased in receiving from Germany the very of your last number of the Literary World came, a full collection of the hymns of the Christian Church up to the fifteenth century, containing a copious account of that choicest gem of mediæval song. The work is by Daniel, and is in three volumes of text and notes.

The "Dies Iræ" is given in three forms, each of which is claimed by critics as the original, and these are followed by four versions, one in Greek and three in German. The first form of the text is taken from a marble slab in the Church of St. Francis, at Mantua, and differs from the common text of the Roman Breviary by adding four stanzas to the beginning and substituting a stanza in place of the last two stanzas of the latter. The first four stanzas are as follows:

"Cogita (Quæso) anima fidelis  
Ad quid respondere velis  
Christo venturo de cœlis.

"Cum deposcet rationem  
Ob boni omissionem  
Ob mali commissionem.

"Dies illa, dies iræ  
Quam conemur prævenire  
Obviamque Deo ire.

"Seria contritione  
Gratiæ apprehensione  
Vitæ emendatione."

The closing stanza is this,

"Consors ut beatitatis  
Vivam cum justificatis  
In ævum eternitatis."

The second form of the text is from an old manuscript of Hæmmerlin, in the Library of Zurich, and besides a few other verbal differences, it appends three stanzas to the usual Roman text, which are these:

"Quando cœli sunt movendi  
Dies adsunt tunc tremendi  
Nullum tempus poenitendi.

"Sed salvatis læta dies  
Et damnatis nulla quies  
Sed demonum effigies.

"O tu Deus majestatis,  
Alme candor trinitatis,  
Nunc conjunge cum beatiss."

Some critics have given preference to these two forms of the text over the standard text of the Breviary. But Daniel, for reasons specified, maintains the genuineness of the latter. We have not time to enter into the particulars of his discussion or give the curious literary history and explanation of the hymn. Perhaps this hasty note may move some scholar with ample leisure to look more fully into the subject and draw up for the Literary World an interesting article on the sacred poetry of the middle ages, and upon the "Dies Iræ," and the "Stabat Mater" in particular. S. O.

A LADY CONTEMPORARY AND FRIEND OF  
HORACE WALPOLE IN OUR OWN TIMES,  
MISS BERRY,—WITH A GLANCE AT HER  
LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

[From the London Daily News, Nov. 29.]

An event occurred last Saturday night week which makes us ask ourselves whether we have really passed the middle of our century. In the course of Saturday night, Nov. 20, one died who could and did tell so much of what happened early in the reign of George III., that her hearers felt as if they were in personal relations with the men of that time. Miss Berry was remarkable enough in herself to have excited a good deal of emotion by dying any time within the last seventy years. Dying now, she leaves as strong as ever the impression of her admirable faculties, her generous and affectionate nature, and her high accomplishments, while awakening

us to a retrospect of the changes and fashions of our English intellect, as expressed by literature. She was not only the woman of letters of the last century, carried far forward into our own—she was not only the woman of fashion who was familiar with the gaities of life before the fair daughters of George III. were seen abroad, and who had her own will and way with society up to last Saturday night; she was the repository of the whole literary history of four-score years; and when she was pleased to throw open the folding doors of her memory, they were found to be mirrors, and in them was seen the whole procession of literature, from the mournful Cowper to Tennyson the laureate.

It was a curious sight—visible till recently, though now all are gone—the chatting of three ladies on the same sofa—the two Miss Berrys and their intimate friend, Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Lady Charlotte Lindsay was the daughter of Lord North; and the Miss Berrys had both received, as was never any secret, the offer of the hand of Horace Walpole. It is true he was old, and knew himself to be declining, and made this offer as an act of friendship and gratitude; but still the fact remains that she, who died last Saturday night, might have been the wife of him who had the poet Gray for his tutor. These ladies brought into our time a good deal of the manners, the conversation and the dress of the last century; but not at all in a way to cast any restraint on the youngest of their visitors, or to check the inclination to inquire into the thoughts and ways of men long dead, and the influence of modes long passed away. It was said that Miss Berry's parties were rather blue; and perhaps they were so; but she was not aware of it; and all thought of contemporary pedantry dissolved under her stories of how she once found on the table, on her return from a ball, a volume of "Plays on the Passions," and how she kneeled on a chair at the table to see what the book was like, and was found there—feathers, satin shoes and all—by the servant who came to let in the winter morning light; or of how the world of literature was perplexed and distressed—as a swarm of bees that have lost their queen—when Dr. Johnson died; or of how Charles Fox used to wonder that people could make such a fuss about that duldest of new books—Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." He was an Eton boy, just promised a trip to Paris by his father, when Miss Berry was born; and Pitt was a child in the nursery, probably applauded by his maid for his success in learning to speak plain. Burns was then toddling in and out, over the threshold of his father's cottage. Just when she was entering on the novel-reading age, Evelina came out; and Fanny Burney's series of novels were to that generation of young people what Scott's were to the next but one. If the youths and maidens of that time had had fiction, they had great history, for the learned Mr. Gibbon gave them volume after volume, which made them proud of their age. They talked about their poets, and no doubt each had an idol in that day as in ours and everybody's. The earnestness, sense, feeling and point of Cowper delighted some; and they reverently told of the sorrows of his secluded life, as glimpses were caught of him in his walks with Mrs. Unwin. Others stood on tiptoe to peep into Dr. Darwin's "chaise" as he went his professional round, writing and polishing his verses as he went; and his admirers insisted that nothing so bril-

liant had ever been written before. Miss Berry must have well remembered the first exhibition of this brilliancy before the careless eyes of the world; and she must have remembered the strangeness of the contrast when Crabbe tried the contrast of his homely pathos, encouraged to do so by Burke. And then came something which it is scarcely credible that the world should have received during the period of Johnson's old age, and the maturity of Gibbon, and Sir Wm. Jones, and Burns—the wretched rhyming of the Batheaston set of sentimental pedants. In rebuke of them, the now mature woman saw the theory of Wordsworth rise; and in rebuke of him, she saw the young and confident Jeffrey and his comrades arise; and in rebuke of them she saw the *Quarterly Review* arise, when she was beginning to be elderly. She saw Joanna Baillie's great fame rise and decline, without either the rise or decline changing in the least the countenance or the mood of the happy being whose sunshine came from quite another luminary than fame. She saw the rise of Wordsworth's fame, growing as it did out of the reaction against the pomps and vanities of the Johnsonian and Darwinian schools; and she lived to see its decline when the great purpose was fulfilled, of inducing poets to say what they mean, in words which will answer that purpose. She saw the beginning and the end of Moore's popularity; and the rise and establishment of Campbell's. The short career of Byron passed before her eyes like a summer storm, and that of Scott constituted a great interest of her life for many years. What an experience—to have studied the period of horrors—represented by Monk Lewis—of conventionalism in Fanny Burney—of metaphysical fiction in Godwin—of historical romance in Scott—and of a new order of fiction in Dickens, which it is yet too soon to characterize by a phrase.

We might go on for hours, and not exhaust the history of what she saw on the side of literature alone. If we attempted to number the scientific men who have crossed her threshold—the foreigners who found within her doors the best of London and the cream of society, we should never have done. And of the political changes she saw—the continental wars, the establishment of American independence—the long series of French revolutions—the career of Washington, of Napoleon, of Nelson, of Wellington, with that of all the statesmen from Lord Chatham to Peel—from Franklin to Webster. But it is too much. It is bewildering to us, though it never overpowered her. She seemed to forget nothing, and to notice everything, and to be able to bear so long a life in such times; but she might well be glad to sink to sleep, as she did last Saturday night week, after so long drawn a pageant of the world's pomps and vanities, and transient idolatries, and eternal passions.

Reviewing the spectacle, it appears to us, as it probably did to her, that there is no prevalent taste, at least in literature, without a counteraction on the spot, preparing society for a reaction. Miss Berry used to say that she published the later volumes of Walpole's correspondence to prove that the world was wrong in thinking him heartless; she believing the appearance of heartlessness in him to be ascribable to the influences of his time. She did not succeed in changing the world's judgment of her friend; and this was particularly because the influences of

the time did not prevent other men from showing heart. Charles James Fox had a heart, and so had Burke and a good many more. While Johnson and then Darwin were corrupting men's taste in diction, Cowper was keeping it pure enough to enjoy the three rising poets, alike only in their plainness of speech—Crabbe, Burns, and Wordsworth. Before Miss Burney had exhausted our patience, the practical Maria Edgeworth was growing up. While Godwin would have engaged us wholly with the interior scenery of man's nature, Scott was fitting up his theatre for his mighty procession of costumes, with men in them to set them moving; and Jane Austen, whose name and works will outlive many that were supposed immortal, was stealthily putting forth her unmatched delineations of domestic life in the middle classes of our over-living England. And against the somewhat feeble elegance of Sir William Jones' learning there was the safeguard of Gibbon's marvellous combination of strength and richness in his erudition. The vigor of Campbell's lyrics was a set-off against the prettiness of Moore's. The subtlety of Coleridge meets its match, and a good deal more, in the development of science; and the morose complainings of Byron are less and less echoed now that the place has opened the world to gentry whose energies would be self-corroding if they were under blockade at home, through a universal continental war. Byron is read at sea now, on the way to the North Pole, or to California, or to Borneo; and in that way his woes can do no harm. To everything there is a season; and to every fashion of a season, there is an antagonism preparing. Thus all things have their turn; all human faculties have their stimulus, sooner or later, supposing them to be put in the way of the influences of social life.

It was eminently so in the case of the aged lady who is gone from us; and well did her mind respond to the discipline offered by her long and favorable life of ninety years. One would like to know how she herself summed up such an experience as her's—the spectacle of so many everlasting things dissolved—so many engrossing things forgotten—so many settled things set afloat again, and floated out of sight. Perhaps those true words wandered once more into her mind as her eyes were closing:

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

#### TALFOURD ON THE LITERARY CAREER.

JUDGE TALFOURD has just published a novel called *Annette*—a story of the first French revolution, or rather he has prefixed a short memoir to a posthumous tale of that title by Mr. Deacon—a gentleman once well-known in the journalism of the metropolis as the editor of an evening paper, and who died in 1845. Save two original letters written by Scott to Deacon, full of the most kindly advice, and calculated if possible to enhance the general admiration of the character of Sir Walter, who knew nothing of the person he wrote to, there is not much in the book and no great deal in the preface, though perhaps one or two passages from the latter are worth quoting, if not exactly because of their intrinsic merit, at least on account of the respect due from all readers to the opinions of the author of *Ion* and the Amended Copyright Act on matters affecting the literary character. First, however, as to his judg-

ment on a great performer in another line. Referring to one of Deacon's best known, but now long forgotten productions, Talfourd says, "He published a humorous tale, in two volumes, under the title of the *Exile of Erin; or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman*, a pleasant history of an Irish Gil Blas, with some satirical notices of prominent Irish patriots, somewhat extravagant, but wholly untinged with ill-nature. There is a description of an Irish trial, which leads to the transportation of the hero, in which a vivid caricature of O'Connell is given, extremely amusing, but extremely unjust; for the great Agitator is represented as taking the occasion of defending the prisoner on a charge of felony to defy the presiding judge, and to declaim on the wrongs of Ireland, wofully to the prejudice of the client's chance of acquittal. This was quite a mistake; whatever were the demerits of Mr. O'Connell's agitation, he was always most discreet and faithful as an advocate, bringing all his marvellous power over the sympathies of men to aid his client's cause, but never risking it by an allusion to any topic which would not aid him."

In reference to the pursuit of letters as a profession, to the discussion of which subject certain remarks in the recent *Autobiography* of Jerdan have given a somewhat personal significance in certain circles lately, the observations of Talfourd are full of wisdom and common-sense, and are deserving of universal quotation as tending to dissipate a delusion on which an inconceivable amount of cant is expended every day in the year, often by those who ought to be the first to denounce the delusion that degrades themselves and their brethren. The judge says, speaking of Deacon—"Reviewing his course, I venture to suggest that lamentations over the misery of a literary life, though often individually true in regard to the persons who make them, and wisely anticipated by Sir Walter Scott in the circumstances submitted to him, are not just in general application. They are often produced by one of two causes:—the peculiar temptations which the bright aspects of literature hold out to persons wholly destitute of requisite taste to embrace it, and the selfish improvidence of others, who lay on literature the blame of indiscretion, which would have produced equal calamity in any other department of society, without the same means of awakening sympathy. Every one whose situation has enabled him to judge of the qualifications of the multitude of young men who, believing themselves to be endowed with extraordinary talent, desire the opportunity of emerging from the ranks of life to which Providence has called them, in order that they may witch the world with noble authorship, has been surprised to find how rarely any gleam of an original van is discernible in the carefully copied specimens on which his judgment is prayed and how often they are destitute of even meaning and grammar. He will often find, perhaps, a comedy in five acts, with a prologue and epilogue, ready for representation, with a cast of characters complete for one of the theatres (in which the unhappy reader is permitted to have influence) consisting of ordinary dialogue, without an attempt at wit, and illumined only by puns few and far between. Or his advice will be solicited as to the disposal of a tragedy, which the author supposes he has written in blank verse because he has commenced each line with a capital letter, but obviously without even knowing



the number of syllables which that easiest mode of composition usually requires. These are extreme though not very unusual cases; but the instances in which a mere facility for rhyming is mistaken for the poetic faculty abound; and each aspirant is ready, with the slightest encouragement, and sometimes without any, to enter on a literary life. Now, if these temptations induce persons wholly unqualified to rush into print, and the result is neglect and misery, their disasters supply no proof that literature, adopted by persons endowed with reasonable ability, and pursued in the proper line with steadiness, is necessarily a desperate profession. Still less are the misfortunes which improvidence brings on individuals who have succeeded in obtaining a share of public favour, proof of the general charge they advance. Their difficulties are not peculiar to the author's calling, and would have awaited them in any other. If a man, in any department of life, spends more than he earns, he must soon be immersed in embarrassment, and if he spends all that he earns, and dies in the prime of life, he must leave his family destitute: these are not the incidents of literature, but belong equally to all who have to carve out their own fortunes."—(*Lon. Cor. Liv. Albion*).

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF PUBLIC MEN.  
A PAPER FROM THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THEODORE HOOK.

WITH considerable exertion, and at a great expense of capital and research, we have been fortunately enabled to gratify the prevalent taste for diaries and correspondence; a gentleman of the highest literary character, moving in the first circles as well of the political as fashionable world, has been kind enough to furnish us with no less than twenty-four volumes of MS. letters and memoranda, the production of all the leading personages of the last and present century. It is from the unreserved communication of their thoughts and feelings that the characters of great men are to be justly appreciated; and with the addition of the notes, explanatory and critical, of our highly gifted friend, we think we shall do the world a service, and our readers a pleasure, by submitting portions of the great collection entrusted to our care.

It must be observed that the whole of the correspondence of which we are possessed is strictly of a private nature, and certainly has never appeared in print before. We give a few specimens:—

## No. I.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT TO MR. SMITH.

Mr. Pitt will be glad to see Mr. Smith to-morrow at 12.

*Downing Street, April 4, 1800.*

I have not been able to ascertain precisely who this Mr. Smith was, and the envelope, which possibly might have shown the address, has been unfortunately lost. The name of Smith is by no means an uncommon one; it is possible that this note might have been written to a relation of Lord Carrington, who was created a Baron on the 16th of July, 1796. His lordship married a Miss Bernard, by whom he has had one son and eleven daughters.

## No. II.

FROM DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

*Southampton Street, April 9, 1775.*

DEAR GOLDSMITH,

Mrs. Garrick will be glad to see you here at dinner to-day, at three o'clock.

Yours,

D. G.

The authenticity of this short letter is unquestionable; for although the initials of the British Roscius only are affixed to it, the date and the known intimacy which existed between Garrick and Goldsmith, put all doubt at rest as to the real writer. It is a curious transcript of the times, as it marks the hour of dining in the year 1775, on what may be considered the best authority. Garrick retired from the stage in 1777, and died in 1779; his widow survived him nearly half a century. The house at Hampton was purchased by a Mr. Carr, Solicitor, as I believe, to the Excise, one of whose daughters was married to Dr. Lushington.

## No. III.

FROM MRS. LETITIA BARBAULD TO MISS HIGGINBOTHAM.

Mrs. Barbauld will thank Miss Higginbotham to let her have the silk gown home by Saturday night at latest.

*Thursday evening.*

This interesting remain is without date, but it bears the evidence of truth on its face. Mrs. Barbauld, who was the daughter of Dr. Aikin, was a highly talented lady; her "Beggars' Petition" itself is enough to immortalise her. The desire to have home a new gown on Saturday night in order that she might wear it at church the next day, has a naturalness in it which is quite refreshing—a feminine anxiety operating upon a masculine mind.

I have endeavored by every possible means to ascertain who the Miss Higginbotham was, to whom the letter is addressed, but hitherto in vain. By reference to the files of newspapers kept at the Chapter Coffee House, in St. Paul's Church-yard, I see that in the year 1780, a Mrs. Hickenbottom kept a milliner's shop in Hanway-yard, as it was then called; but I can hardly fancy it the same person, because, in the first place, Mrs. Barbauld distinctly calls her Miss, whereas the person in question was married; and secondly, because the name of the milliner to whom the newspaper refers is spelt Hickenbottom, whereas Mrs. Barbauld makes the Hick, Hig, and spells her *bottom, botham*, after the manner of the landlord of the Windmill Inn, at Salt-hill, near Eton, in Buckinghamshire.

## No. IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE TO MR. BURNS.

BURNS—Get something for dinner by four o'clock to-morrow, and tell Simmons to have a fire lighted in my bed-room early in the day.

E. B.

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke, one of the most distinguished of our British worthies, was born at Limerick, on New Year's Day, 1730; he was educated by a Quaker, got into Parliament in 1765, and died at Beaconsfield, July 8, 1797. Burns, I imagine to have been a servant of his, but I have no particular reason for believing it, beyond the evidence of the letter before us. The direction to get dinner ready, comes evidently in the way of a command; and the unadorned style of address quite justifies my suspicions. Simmons is unquestionably a domestic servant, and a female. In the registry of marriages in Beaconsfield church, I find an entry of a marriage between Thomas Hopkins and Mary Anne Simmons, spinster; which Mary Anne I take to be the individual referred to by Burke. The date of that marriage is June 15, 1792. Now, although this letter is without date, it is fair

to infer from the reference to "making a fire in his bed-room," that it was written much earlier in the year than the month of June; so that even if we were able to fix the date of the letter in the same year, it is quite within the range of possibility that the marriage did not take place till several months after the servant was spoken of, by her maiden name of Simmons. I took occasion to visit Beaconsfield twice, concerning this little doubt, and I think it but justice to make my acknowledgments to Mr. Thomas Fagg, the deputy sexton of the parish, for his urbane attention to me, and the readiness with which he afforded me all the information of which he was possessed.

## No. V.

FROM SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO MR. PERKINS.

MY DEAR SIR,

The weather is so hot, and town so dull, that I intend flying from all its ills and inconveniences to-morrow; I shall be happy, therefore, to join your pleasant party.

Yours,

P. F.

This very curious letter is not more valuable on account of the matter it contains, than as conducing to throw additional light upon the mystery of Junius—it would occupy too much space in a note to enter into a disquisition concerning the various conflicting opinions upon this subject, but as far as a comparison of hand-writing with some portions of the MS. of Junius's Letters, which I had an opportunity of seeing, and a strong similarity of style in the writing, go, I have no hesitation in settling the authorship upon Sir Philip—there is such vigorous imagination displayed in the description, in nine words, of the state of the weather and the metropolis, and such a masculine resolution evinced in the declared determination to "fly from all its ills and inconveniences" the very next day, that one cannot but pause to admire the firmness which could plan such a measure, and the taste which could give such a determination in such language. The cautious concealment of the place to which the supposed party of pleasure was to go, is another evidence of the force of habit; I have reason to believe it to have been Twickenham, or, as Pope spells it, Twitnam, but I have no particular *datum* whereon to found this suspicion, except, indeed, that I think it quite as probable to have been Twickenham, or Twitnam as any other of the agreeable villages round London.

## No. VI.

FROM SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS TO CALED WHITEFOORD, ESQ.

*Leicester Fields, Saturday.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received your witty note, and am extremely obliged to you for your present of venison. I trust you will favour me with your company on Tuesday, to meet some of your friends, and join them in discussing it.

Yours, very truly,

J. REYNOLDS.

There can be little doubt that the note referred to by Sir Joshua, was full of those quibbles and quaintnesses for which Whitefoord was so well known. Whitefoord was a man of considerable attainments, and was distinguished by the peculiarity of his dress; a French grey coat with black frogs, a small cocked hat and an umbrella; he was the constant frequenter of auctions, and has the credit of being the inventor of the new hackied conceit called "Cross-readings." It is certain, that in his note sent with the veni-

son, he called Sir Joshua his dear<sup>st</sup> friend, hoped it would suit his palate, recommended him to take some cuts from it and transfer them to plates, spoke of the current sauce being jelly, and perhaps signed himself his Buck friend (for at that period the words Buck and Maccaroni were the distinctive appellations of two classes of persons in London). I surmise this, because he was a confirmed punster, a character somewhat prized in those days.—Goldsmith said it was impossible to keep company with him without being infected with the itch of punning.—He is celebrated in the postscript to "Retaliation."

"Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit  
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit;  
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,  
Thou best tempered man, with the worst-tempered muse."

We could not have believed it possible—but so it is—that there should be people in this land, and in London too, who had so much "matter of fact" in their composition, as to read and believe the "Private Correspondence of Public Men," of which the above is a specimen, to be a serious production; that the notes upon it were actually annotations, and that the whole affair was a grave disquisition into the lives and histories of the persons mentioned; but so it is. The two following letters, which are, as examples of the dear, amiable innocence of the writers, worth their weight in gold, were actually elicited by the article in question; a comment on either of them is needless.

TO THE EDITOR OF JOHN BULL.

SIR,—On reading your observations on the Correspondence of Public Men in this day's paper, I beg to make the following notices.

#### No. II.

GARRICK's villa was not purchased by Mr. Carr, Solicitor to the Excise, but by Mr. Car, a Solicitor in John-street, Bedford-row, many years Secretary of Lunatics.

#### No. V.

THE party, I imagine, was not to Twickenham, but to Camberwell, then a pleasant and retired village. Mr. Perkins (the brewer), resided there many years in affluence and respectability, and died some years since at a very advanced age, upwards of 90. He was a partner in Barclay's house.

Yours, W. F.

Craven Street, Sunday.

SIR,—In your extracts from the Correspondence of Public Men in yesterday's "John Bull," you express your doubts who the Mr. Smith was to whom Mr. Pitt's letter was addressed. From the style and date of it, I beg leave to suggest that it was the late Joseph Smith, Esq., Mr. Pitt's Private Secretary, and Receiver-General of the Stamp Duties.

Yours, &c.

\* The pun suggests an inadvertent equivocal, attributed to Baron R—.

Somebody asked the Baron to take venison.—"No," said the Baron, "I never eatish wenshon; I don't think, it ish so coot as mutton."—"Oh!" said the Baron's friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if mutton were not better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?"—"Vv!" replied the Baron, "I will tell you vv—in dish world de peeples alwaysh prefers vat ish deer to vat ish sheep."

This is called by some a *jeu de mots*, and by others a *jeu d'esprit*.

#### MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—AMONG the cleverest of New York correspondents is the weekly contributor to the *Commercial Bulletin* of New Orleans, who in a late letter daguerreotypes a legal character, well-known to all the Bar, hereabout:

"Talking of imitating, we have a sailor lawyer (i. e. practitioner in the Marine Court), who fancies that in size, appearance, and manners, he is a duplicate of Daniel Webster. So with huge dress coat and brass buttons (doubly bright as they catch the reflections of his face), and lofty brow, he moves from his office to the dingy court, where there is not so much weeping and wailing, as gnashing and lynch law. His shaggy eye-brows are trimmed like those of the great expounder, and their frowns upon constables are framed upon the model ones long ago bestowed upon Hayne. He has driven three cooks crazy with getting up early, and his wife, who loves a quiet laugh at the theatre, or a dance at a ball, is driven to the cliff of desperation with his early retirings. His desire is for a country place, where he may like the statesman of Marshfield, recruit from severe labors of attachments, executions, references, and dispossessions.

"They who know this weak point can, by touching it, do with him as the coquette endeavors with the puling lover. His faults are rather, however, those of the 'gizzard' (an organ given by *Punch* to conceited mortals), than of the heart. Nor will he ever die of brain disordering, however nigh he comes to disordering the brains of others.

"Not long ago, having a case before the U. S. Circuit Court, he was opposed by the son of an eminent lawyer, desiring a postponement. 'My father is engaged in another Court,' says the son. 'Ah,' replied the would-be shadow of Daniel Webster, speaking with measured accent, 'I don't know that this Court are bound to take judicial cognizance of the fact that this young gentleman has a father, and that that father's enjoyments (assuming that he has a father) are grounds for postponement. Who and where is this father?' concluded the expounder No. 2, amid the roar of Court, jury and benches. His leaving the Court in the midst of his argument to hunt up a brief (absent one hour), and his best address upon a case involving five dollars to a sailor, commencing, 'Gentlemen of the jury, what is a seaman? A seaman, gentlemen of the jury, is a man wot follers the sea,' are items of Joe Millerism at our bar. He is not only original in construction of grammar, but his references to unpublished cases, to unheard of historical facts, undreamed of geographical statistics, are more astonishing at times than instructive."

—The members of the venerable society, established in the last century, by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and called "The Club," in distinction to others, dined together on Wednesday evening, the 24th, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's street. Sir David Dundas occupied the chair, and among the members present were—the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Overstone, Lord Glenelg, Viscount Mahon, Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Rev. Dr. Whewell, Dr. Holland, Mr. Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Nassau Senior, and the Dean of St. Paul's.

—Touching the attendance at Mr. Thackeray's recent lectures, the *Day Book* treats us to the following quaint speculations:

"Selling tickets for the entire course is a decided benefit to the managers of lectures, for it ensures a regular attendance. No matter how little interested the purchaser may become, he is bound to occupy his seat, and get the worth of his money, even if he sleeps through the entire lecture. We have seen some nodding at Mr. T.'s

lectures, who were evidently almost as far in the land of forgetfulness as the old quill drivers whom he was describing. This is not at all uncomplimentary to Mr. Thackeray, for we noticed that these people were always careful to awake in time to add their applause to that of the rest of the audience. In fact it is rather complimentary to the lecturer than otherwise, for it exhibits the confidence they entertain in his ability and accuracy.

"A lecturer who possesses this rare hold on the judgment of the public is above all estimation. By placing a sentinel or two to watch the brilliant passages and give the alarm when the right time for applause arrives, the remainder of the audience can resign themselves with the most perfect composure to their own reflections, or indulge in a comfortable nap and be refreshed beyond measure by the time the lecture is concluded. Of course, we do not mean to insinuate that the audiences which have assembled at the Rev. Mr. Chapin's church, night after night, to listen to Mr. Thackeray, were not interested in that gentleman's lectures. The majority no doubt were, and we would add our humble acknowledgement to the talented lecturer for the agreeable intellectual treat he has afforded our citizens.

"The above speculations on sleeping, are entirely chargeable to an old gentleman sitting by our side, who every evening went through the programme we have described. He appeared to come there for no other purpose than enjoying a good nap, and mysteriously waking up at the very nick of time to unite in the applause."

—As premonitory of an advent to our own city which will be heartily approved of, we quote from a Boston paper this paragraph:

"The new Music Hall was crowded last evening by an unusually good audience, the weather being particularly fine and inviting people out of doors. The lecture was by Mr. Epes Sargent, on 'Verse and Verse-Makers.' Mr. S. has been invited to repeat it in Salem and many of the principal towns and cities in the neighborhood. He will deliver it in New York in January."

—We record the death of Mr. Booth the distinguished actor, at the close of the year, in the consciousness that his merit deserves so marked an emphasis of notice.

The daily journals have spread his history before the public for many years, and whatever we had to say would be summed up in the acknowledgement that he was eminent among all the actors of the day for his power of self-identification and entire absorption with the characters of the dramas in which he appeared.

—There is a peculiar kind of plant which flourishes most in the winter season, and which, as in a spirit of hardihood, flourishes most on New Year's day. The god Januarius (for some reason or other, to us unknown), presides over these un-timeous growths, and one among the on-coming births which he has in charge, is announced under the title of "*Peabody's American Chronicle*."

The gentleman from whom this new enterprise derives its principal title is well-known as a foreign editor and correspondent of American Journals. The plan of the Chronicle, as set forth in its prospectus, is very comprehensive and attractive, and gives promise of a wide-awake and energetic management. It appears to be the conductor's intention to touch, in its place, on each chord of miscellaneous journalism. The Chronicle will, if so managed and continued, have a cordial welcome from the reading public.

—As an evidence of the activity of a pe-



culiar species of propagandism just now in vogue in England, take this from the advertising columns of a recent number of the *London Times*.

**ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE:** a Monthly Journal devoted to the Diffusion of Information respecting American Slavery. No. III. is now ready, eight closely-printed quarto pages, price 1d., stamped 2d. Contents:—How to please Everybody—Religious: the Church Question; the Presbyterian Secession; English Baptists and the Free Mission or Anti-Slavery Baptists of America—The Morning Advertiser and Rev. J. P. Thompson, of New York—Political: The American Balaam; Professor Hancock on the Abolition of Slavery; the Death of Daniel Webster—Miscellaneous: Prejudices against Color; Buying Persons out of Slavery; a Warning to English Authors; an Apt Fable from *Æsop*; the Rev. Joel Parker, D.D.; the Women of England and the Women of America; Letter from Ellen Craft; Weld's American Slavery as it is; Letter from a Slaveholder to an Abolitionist; a Southern Man's Opinion of Abolitionism; a True Story of Slave Life, by William Wells Brown—Selections: Uncle Tom's Cabin on the Continent; Fugitive Slave Law Violated by Judges and Deacons on Sunday; Postage and Slavery; a Southern Philanthropist—Notices of the Advocate. William Tweedie, 537 Strand.

—M. Heller (we give him the French prefix, as the dialect of that country appears to be a favorite with him), has opened his "Temple of Enchantment" at the Chinese Rooms, Broadway. He has a large stock of tricks and juggles, which he evolves, one after the other, with commendable industry and diligence. His apparatus is complete and neat, and his audiences large.

—In the *Southern Literary Messenger* for December, excellent as it is throughout, there is an article of special merit on a pretty well known subject, "Uncle Tom," from the pen of one of the best reviewers in the country, George F. Holmes, Esq. The style combines point and richness in a degree which would command for his articles marked attention in the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Review*.

A "FUGITIVE" TRANSLATION FROM  
BERANGER.  
MY OLD COAT.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

My trusty old Coat! which I've worn in all weather,  
Still faithful remain—we grow aged together;  
Ten years have I brushed thee with care every day;  
Could *Socrates*, even, do better, I pray!  
Should Fate unrelenting, which nothing will spare,  
Wage war on thee still, though now frail and threadbare,  
Learn like me, too, to yield when 't is wisdom to bend;  
And part shall we never, my trusty old friend!

I remember me well—for the mem'ry is strong—  
When I sported thee first in the eyes of the throng:  
'T was my birth-day; and, farther to heighthen thy glory,  
My merry companions a bumper did pour thee.  
Now, threadbare, you honor me more than when new;  
For their arms still are open—their hearts still as true,  
And to treat us as ready their last coin to spend;  
So part shall we never, my trusty old friend!

How I love to contemplate that mending so neat!—  
A remembrance how odd! yet how thrilling and sweet!—  
When, feigning one evening to part in a pet,  
And retained by the hand of the tender Lisette,  
Thou wert torn—sad mishap!—and thy master remained,  
A captive in Love's flowery fetters enchained.

Two whole days it took the sad damage to mend;  
But part shall we never, my trusty old friend!

Have I ever profaned thee with rivers of scent,  
Like a self-loving fop in his creaking stays pent?  
Or condemned thee, my Coat, in the lobby to wait,  
Exposed to the sneers and contempt of the great?  
For ribbons and stars our poor France was embroidered,  
And all bore them off save the brave who had toiled;  
But the flowers of the field in thy button-hole blend;  
Then part shall we never, my trusty old friend!

Fear not the return of those brisk days I've sung,  
When our fates were alike—when we both were but young,  
Those thrice-cherished days, marked by pleasure and pain—  
Those changeable days, full of sunshine and rain!  
Methinks I must soon, and for aye, bid adieu  
To the scenes of my love, where the rosy hours flew;  
Then wait but awhile, and together we'll end;  
Thus part shall we never, my trusty old friend!

NEW VOLUME OF THE LITERARY  
WORLD.

NEXT Saturday, January 1, 1853, will commence the *Twelfth* volume of the *Literary World*. It will be conducted, as heretofore, with particular reference to the literary interest, the review of books of the day, early intelligence of new publications, passages in advance from new works, with the discussion of collateral topics, rendering this journal a speciality among the magazines and newspapers of the day.

In addition to the matter immediately referring to its design, will be presented frequent papers, Sketches, Essays, Poems, Narratives, &c., which will add to the present interest and permanent value of the *Literary World*.

To accommodate these several topics the paper will be varied in size from 16 to 20 and 24 pages, as may be found desirable from time to time.

The *Index* for the present volume will be given with the next Number.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have in press "The Adopted Child," by Miss Jewsbury—and the forthcoming Novels by Mrs. Marsh and the author of "Jane Eyre."

J. W. RANDOLPH, Richmond, Va., has in press "Virginia Criminal Cases," 2 vols. 8vo., 2d edition. "Ruffin's Essay on Calcareous Manures," 5th edition, 12mo.

Scribner has just ready a new work by F. W. SHELTON, entitled the "The Rector of St. Bartholomew."

The papers of the late A. J. DOWNING, contributed to the Horticulturist, are to be collected and published under the editorial supervision of G. W. Curtis.

Messrs. Appletons will publish immediately a series of several volumes collected by Mr. THACKERAY himself from his numerous contributions to "Punch."—"Jeames' Diary," "The Fat Contributor," "The Prize Novelists," with various other papers, will be among them. This author's

"Luck of Barry Lyndon, a Romance of the last Century," is just now ready, from the same publishing house.

The papers of the late JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, including his correspondence with Coleridge, Charles Lamb and others, it is stated in the *Illustrated News*, are now daily expected from Tunis by his executors, by whom they will probably be given to the public. We trust that this probability will be turned into a certainty, for having ourselves had an opportunity of handling some of these papers, we may speak confidently of their value and interest.

The Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER, says the same authority, is about to publish a valuable contribution to our Revolutionary Historical Literature, having procured access, when recently in England, to copies of correspondence which throws light on the Revolutionary History of Massachusetts.

RICHARD HAYWARDE'S "Prismatics," the promised volumes from the press of the Appletons, will be ready in February, with illustrations by Elliot, Darley, Kensett, Hicks, and Rossiter.

Redfield's complete collection of MACAULAY'S SPEECHES will appear in two well filled volumes immediately after the holidays.

Among the works recently published by order of Congress, in Washington, solely for public use and distribution, the most valuable are "Owen's Geological Report of Iowa and Minnesota Territories," in two quarto volumes (this work is printed by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, by special contract); "Maury's Work on Navigation," a quarto volume of several hundred pages, with plates. A work on the use of the Bayonet, with improvements on French methods—a work on the Thirty-two Pounder Gun, and another larger work on Heavy Artillery. The dispatch used by the new printers is praised by men appreciating the good intended by the Government printing fund. The recent President's Message and Secretary's Reports, &c., a volume of 600 8vo. pages was printed and ready in five days. The next Patent Office Report is spoken of as being a good one; various improvements were made over past years. It is said 140,000 copies of the last one or two were printed.

A new volume of American Natural History, on Reptiles, if *on dit* is not mistaken, will be soon published under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute. Prof. Girard has been at work on it some time, and has added many new species of Snakes to our known ones. Mr. Stimpson is preparing for publication with the directions of Profs. Baird and Girard, a catalogue of Invertebrate Animals of North America. He has also spent sometime on our coasts fishing up strange gelatine, conchological, and scaly monsters. A new explanatory catalogue of Mr. Stanley's Indian Gallery, for the use of visitors, is now ready.

The La Plata and other Expeditions, to leave next Spring, are in forward preparation—those interested are studying and being posted up—and the conversation and suggestions of the intelligent agent these, are interesting and serviceable no doubt.

*The Adventures of a Bear, and of a Great Bear too*, is the last and by no means the least of the juvenile publications of this year's holidays. It is a small London 4to. from the Messrs. Addey & Co., and is imported by Appleton. The capabilities of Bruin are fully worked up in a humanized style as he goes about London and the world. He is quite equal to Robert Macaire in his way, as a type of society and manners, particularly in such an illustration as that of a "very great bear" in a full bloom fashionable Fifth Avenue togger. Bruin's Oysterman, at the other end of the social scale, is as good, and quite appreciable in New York. These very clever illustrations are by Harrison Weir.

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